GUIDE

TO THE

WATERING PLACES

On the COAST of DEVON.

Price 3s. 6d.

Guide

IN A TOUR

TO THE

WATERING PLACES,

And their ENVIRONS,

ON THE SOUTH-EAST COAST OF DEVON.

"O nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O! for the voice and fire of Seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due."

MINSTREL.

EXETER:

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A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

WATERING PLACES

On the SOUTH-EAST COAST of DEVON,

From the River EXE to the DART inclusive,

COMPREHENDING

DAWLISH, TEIGNMOUTH, SHALDON, and TORQUAY.

By W. HYETT.

WITH A

SKETCH OF THEIR LOCAL HISTORY;

And a Tour to and concise Account of NOBLEMEN's and GENTLEMEN'S SEATS, and Objects in the Vicinage of each, worthy the Attention of the Antiquary, and Admirer of Picturesque and Romantic Scenery.

Embellished with FOUR ETCHINGS.

EXETER:

Printed and sold by TREWMAN and SON, High-street.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE design of the following pages, is to lay before the stranger, in the first instance, the state of each of the watering places mentioned in the title, with a description of their environs, to enable him to determine WHICH *shall be his place of* SEJOUR, *during the summer months; and in the next, when fixed in his choice, to point out, and assist him in exploring, the objects that are worthy his attention in the vicinity.*

Where the design has been fulfilled, the Author feels it his duty to ascribe the merit to those Gentlemen who have favoured him with their remarks

and aſſiſtance; eſpecially to one, to whom he is particularly grateful.*

The ſcenery of DEVON, *(particularly this part of the coaſt) altho' it has had the honor of a viſit from ſome eminent touriſts, has been too curſorily inſpected,—is far from being generally known,—and has even been deſcribed as wanting thoſe traits of pictureſque beauty, with which other diſtricts abound; from this imputation it is but juſtice to attempt to reſcue it.*

Few counties can boaſt of having theſe qualities in a higher degree than Devonſhire, but (as elſewhere) they do not always occur in turnpike roads. To diſcover the charms of NATURE, *we muſt follow her ſteps thro' the wild glen, by the foaming river, and aſcend the ſteep hill, clad with luxuriant foliage, to where the ſcathed rock riſes from the romantic eminence in rugged majeſty; all the diverſities of which may be found even in the limited*

* Rev. Mr. Swete, of Oxton-houſe.

mited ride of one day, from the places before-mentioned; beſides the rich and more cultivated ſcenery, of the various ſeats and villas that decorate the face of the country

The etchings that accompany the work, are merely given as ſketches, and may ſerve to convey a better idea of the place deſcribed.

DAWLISH.

"O DAWLISH, though unclaſſic be thy name,
By every muſe unſung, ſhould from thy tide,
To keen poetic eyes alone reveal'd,
From the cerulean boſom of the deep
(As Aphrodite roſe of old) appear
Health's blooming goddeſs, and benignant ſmile
On her true votary; not Cythera's fame,
Not Eryx, nor the laurel boughs which waved
On Delos erſt, Apollo's natal ſoil,
However warm, enthuſiaſtic youth
Dwelt on thoſe ſeats enamour'd, ſhall to me
Be half ſo dear. To thee will I conſign
Often the timid virgin, to thy pure
Incircling waves; to thee will I conſign
The feeble matron; or the child on whom
Thou may'ſt beſtow a ſecond happier birth,
From weakneſs into ſtrength. And ſhould I view
Unfetter'd, with the ſound firm-judging mind,
Imagination to return, array'd
In her once glowing veſt, to thee my lyre
Shall oft be tun'd, and to thy Nereids green,
Long, long unnoticed in their haunts retired.
Nor will I ceaſe to prize thy lovely ſtrand,
Thy towering cliffs, nor the ſmall babling brook,
Whoſe ſhallow current laves thy thiſtled vale."

Downman's Infancy.

DAWLISH, (anciently *Daldich*) is ſaid to derive its name from *Dol-is*, "a fruitful mead in a bottom," or, "on a river's ſide." It has, within a *few* years, grown from an inconſiderable fiſhing cove, to its preſent ſtate of improvement and elegance. At firſt it was frequented by thoſe for whom the gaieties of EXMOUTH and TEIGNMOUTH had no charms, and, by degrees, in conſequence of the ſalubrity of its air, the convenience it affords for bathing, and its natural beauties, becoming better known, it has juſtly acquired much reputation.

DAWLISH is charmingly ſituated in a valley, environed by high grounds on all ſides but the eaſt, where the ever-varying ocean ſpreads its cerulean expanſe; fronting which, on the ſtrand, are ſome good lodging-houſes, connected with the cliff; higher, on the hill, are five or ſix other buildings, well calculated for the reſidence of genteel families, proudly overlooking

looking thoſe below, yet conveniently retired, having a ſmall ſhrubbery in front, judiciouſly contrived to ſcreen the obtruding chimnies. The moſt conſpicuous object from this part, however, is a ſtructure erected by Sir *William Watſon*, after the Gothic ſtyle of architecture, exhibiting, in front, a kind of arcade, with columns and pointed arches, decorated with eſcutcheons and fret-work pinnacles, forming one of the moſt pleaſing ſpecimens of the Gothic manner; it ſtands, ſurrounded by a garden, ſtored with a variety of exotic plants, on one of the cliffs, overlooking the ſhore for a conſiderable way, with its high, craggy, and ſeparated rocks; commanding the reach of TEIGNMOUTH, and looking into the opening of TORBAY. Nearer the ſea, a whimſical mount, in imitation of the natural rock, has been raiſed, formed into a cell on the inſide. Farther up the vale, a row of neat dwellings preſent themſelves, among which are to be diſtinguiſhed the two inns, each poſſeſſing tole-

rable accommodations. The griſt-mill oppoſite, ſo ſingularly ſituate, and pictureſque, ſeldom fails of attracting the ſtranger of more than common obſervation: it is an overſhot-mill, and the ſtream falling over a ledge of gravel, ere it comes to the wheel, gives a romantic air to the ſcene; above this, where the valley becomes contracted, ſix or eight genteel lodging-houſes are ſituate, fronting the ſea, having each a ſmall plot before them, incloſed with neat railing. From hence to the church, the diſtance is half a mile; on either ſide the road, there are ſtraggling cottages, that form a ſort of connexion between the places; contiguous to the bridge are two good and pleaſant houſes, near which appears another mill, where the ſcenery is alſo very pleaſing; the building itſelf is ſimple and well diſpoſed; the winding road, and the trees intermingling themſelves, have a good effect, while the light poplars beyond, and the bell cupola of the manor-houſe,* give

* Rented by Captain Schanks, but the property of J. Inglett Forteſcue, Eſq.

give a grace of elegance. Oppoſite the laſt-mentioned houſe, ſtands that of Mr. *Churchill*, a very neat building, near which is ſituate the church, a handſome Gothic ſtructure, ſurrounded by elm rows of conſiderable ſize; the ſouth front is very fine;—between each of the ramified windows there is a nich, in ſome of which are the remains of mutilated ſtatues; and in a nich at the eaſt end, is one that has received no injury from the fanatics, who, probably, in the civil wars of King Charles the Firſt, deſtroyed the reſt. The walls are creſted with battlements, and ornamented with pinnacles. Nearly at the eaſt end riſes a projecting turret, (which ſerves as a ſtaircaſe to the roof) pinnacled alſo, and of elegant architecture.

The vicarage-houſe ſtands encloſed by its gardens, which boaſt a naturalization, as it were, of exotics, that elſewhere require the

foſtering hand of art. It is ſheltered from the north by a high hill; and a ſcreen of elms defends it from the weſtern blaſts.

Dawlish has no regular market, tho' it is tolerably well ſupplied with animal food, vegetables, &c. by the neighbourhood; and an opportunity offers of ſending by the *Teignmouth coach*, that paſſes through the village three times a week to Exeter. The bathing machines are numerous and well conducted; and the beach, in front of the lodging-houſes, deſcends gently into the ſea, which is generally clear, and free from weeds.

The *Public Walk* extends in a ſtraight line over the ſtrand, oppoſite the interminable ocean, and is kept in excellent repair, affording a moſt agreeable *promenade*, which may be lengthened by a ſtroll under the cliffs, that are here of tremendous height, bold and precipitous, though not of a very denſe and compact ſtratum,

tum, as is evident from the incroachments which the ſurge, and its ſaline ſpray, have made on them, and the huge fragments that lie ſcattered at their feet; from whence the mineralogiſt may, at times, collect fine ſpecimens of iron-ore, in cluſtered globules. Thro' a fiſſure, not badly repreſenting a Gothic door, a paſſage opens to a little beach below, of a fine and firm conſiſtence, where are ſome groteſque maſſes, which being of a more ſolid nature, have withſtood the buffetings of the aſſailing element; while the intermediate body, of a looſer texture, has ſuffered a decompoſition, and been waſhed away.

RIDES.

A Tour to POWDERHAM, OXTON, MAMHEAD, *&c. Total diſtance about* 14 *miles.*

As if unwilling to part with its viſitors, DAWLISH oppoſes fatiguing hills for them to ſur-

mount,

mount, at either extremity. Having gained the ſummit of that, leading to STARCROSS, we have a view of the entrance to the EXE, the cliffs near BUDLEIGH SALTERTON;

"——— and the diſtant coaſt,
In miſts array'd; juſt heaving into ſight
Above the dim horizon; where the ſail
Appears conſpicuous in the lengthen'd gleam;"

and ſoon after, on the left, the fine eminence of MAMHEAD, with a fir plantation, beautifully hanging on the ſide of a hill, from the apex of which an obeliſk ſhoots up, and marks the country.

Entering a ſmall common, we leave the STARCROSS road for that which branches to the left, and which conducts us thro' a ſhady lane to the dilapidated chapel of CORTON. Theſe ruins are ſeated above the road, and offer ſeveral good ſcenes for the pencil, being richly curtained with ivy; from the part that was originally the chancel, (and even now contains a monument) is a pretty viſta, thro' a Gothic arch,

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Eglwys Chapel

arch, and a breach in the end wall, of the diſtant country. The ſketch given fronts this chancel. Soon after leaving COFTON, we rejoin the *Starcroſs road*, at the ſod, ſouth-eaſt of which, ſeated on the beach beneath the high hills of *Cockwood*, is a pleaſant manſion, belonging to *Doctor Drury*, chief maſter of Harrow-ſchool, to whoſe taſte and agricultural enterprizes the country is indebted. On the left, are two of thoſe ornaments of DEVON which Mr. *Gilpin* well denominates "*lime-kiln caſtles*;" at the junction of theſe roads we catch a charming view of the noble river EXE, the town of EXMOUTH, with the handſome row of brick houſes on *Chapel-hill*; and *Marpool*, the ſeat of *W. Hull*, Eſq.—Starcroſs, which we now enter, is a charming village, ſituate on the bank of the river, which it overlooks, as well as the oppoſite ſhore. The inn we may rank among the moſt pleaſant of the houſes here, whoſe bow-window preſents a delightful proſpect of the ſwelling EXE, from the town of

TOPSHAM

TOPSHAM to its eſtuary. Purſuing our route on the banks, we are led to *Powderham-caſtle* the ſeat of *Lord Viſcount Courtenay*. This caſtle was probably firſt erected to repel and awe the invading Danes, who, before the conqueſt, made frequent incurſions on this coaſt. It has, of courſe, undergone many alterations and improvements ſince that time, tho' it ſtill appears to be an ancient ſtructure. The hand of taſte has ſwept away the wall that once incloſed a quadrangular court in front, with its heavy gate-way, and laid the houſe open to the park, which is well ſtocked with deer, and decorated with ſome beautiful clumps of oak, beech, cheſnut, and wallnut-trees. Within its walls, the man of faſhion will be amuſed by the elegant decorations; and the *amateurs* of pictures by works of the old maſters, among which, the "tribute money of Rubens" is of ſuperior excellence. The pleaſure grounds are exceedingly fine and extenſive, the ſhrubberies luxuriant, and the plantations flouriſhing. The

Belvidere,

Belvidere, erected by the late *Lord Courtenay*, is of a triangular form, with an hexagonal tower on each corner;—it commands a proſpect of the lovely interchange of wooded heights and deſcending vales, with the majeſtic river EXE, rolling its congregated waters into the ſwelling ocean, its variegated ſhore from above TOPSHAM to EXMOUTH, and the dark hills of WOODBURY, with their fir-crowned ſummits ſkirting behind. Croſſing the canal by an elegant bridge, we quit *Powderham*, and paſs thro' the village, and near the handſome church of KENTON; about two miles from which is *Oxton-Houſe*, the ſeat of the *Rev. J. Swete*, the delightful and picturesque grounds of which abound with ſcenery worthy the pencil of their proprietor, whoſe claſſic taſte has admirably diſplayed itſelf, in the judicious ſtyle the lucid ſtream is taught to meander thro' the fertile vale; in the charming walks that permeate the noble woods; and in the various ornamental buildings that grace its romantic eminences.

We

We enter this fairy ſcene by a venerable gate-way, by which a cafcade foams violently over a huge maſs of ſtones; oppoſed to which is the clear expanſe of a tranquil lake, overſhadowed by ſome luxuriant trees, thro' the floating foliage of which we behold the manſion-houſe, ſeated on a gently riſing lawn; this (as well as every part of the grounds) is indebted to the preſent poſſeſſor for the beauties and conveniencies it has to boaſt. Tracing up the murmuring rivulet, beyond a ruſtic bridge, we follow the windings of a path thro' the rich woods, and proceed on the heights to the *cottage*; a pleaſure-houſe, built in the Gothic ſtyle, ſecluded among ſome fine oaks; round its walls the woodbine has hung its fragrant wreaths, which gives it an air of chaſte ſimplicity: from its windows we are preſented with a charming tract of country,

> " Where palaces, and fanes, and villas riſe,
> And gardens ſmile around,"

with many a catch of the gleaming river, from the

the walls of the city of EXETER to its union with the ocean.* We now re-enter a wood, and gain the gate that joins the public road; immediately oppoſite which, another gate opens into the extenſive lawns of *Mambead*, the property of the *Earl of Liſburne*, which offer to the eye a rich and uncloying banquet, its pleaſing undulations, and light verdure, relieved by rich maſſes of ſhadow, interpoſed in elegant variety. But the proſpect this ſpot commands is its chief boaſt. *Powderham-caſtle*, with its various plantations, and the villages that encircle it, are ſeen on this ſide of the river, which is alſo in full view, while the horizon diſplays the hills of SOMERSET and DORSETSHIRE; not far from the houſe, which is a noble ſtructure, and finely ſituated, ſtands the pictureſque church of *Mambead*, ſurrounded by

* The ſeats of Bickham and Trehill have charms enough to induce the traveller to continue his excurſion, if agreeable. The grounds of each, beſide their own beauties, finely diſplaying thoſe of each other.

by ſheltering trees, and is a charming ornament to the lawn. Above the houſe, on the brow of HALDON, riſes a plantation of firs, many of them of ſtupendous ſize, amid which towers the ſtately obeliſk. As we advance

"———— Beneath the ſhades
Of ſolemn oaks, that tuft the ſwelling mounts,
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs hand,"

we catch a glimpſe of *Mambead cottage*, ſweetly emboſomed in rich foliage, and attended by thoſe rural accompaniments which ſhould ever mark and characteriſe a cottage. Having reached the extremity of thoſe charming ſcenes, where are to be remarked ſome of the fineſt ilexes in the kingdom, we join a road that leads before the parſonage-houſe of *Mambead*; a modern building, ſeated high, and poſſeſſing a moſt extenſive view, yet defended from the rude blaſts by riſing hills and plantations; behind which we again view the obeliſk. The Ridge-way, on which we now travel,

travel, is one of the moſt pleaſant roads in the weſt of ENGLAND, from its height.

" The burſting proſpect ſpreads immenſe around,
And ſnatched o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant fields, and darkening heaths between,
And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
And ſpiry towns, by ſurging columns mark'd
Of houſehold ſmoke, your eye excurſive roams."

Among the parts diſcriminated, are the neglected grounds of *New-houſe*,* well worth, however, the attention of thoſe who are admirers of fine trees; for here will be found Spaniſh cheſnuts, oaks, and beech, eſpecially two of the latter, contiguous, not to be rivalled in the county. Having paſſed a direction poſt, we take the firſt lane to the right, and dip into a glen, following the courſe of a rivulet towards DAWLISH, the tower of which is ſeen gleaming thro' the hedge-row elms; and gaining another road, a gate to the right permits us a view of *Luſcombe*, a ſeat belonging

* The property of Mr. Oxenham, who has unfortunately laboured under mental derangement, for many years.

ing to Mr. *Hoare.* This is a handſome gothic edifice, decorated with battlements,* ſituated in a verdant tho' narrow dale, ſurrounded by hills, which ſo completely ſhelter it from the bleak winds, that the climate muſt be as ſoft and ſerene as that of Cythera. Altho' the grounds are yet in an infant ſtate, we cannot fail of noticing the beauty of a ruſtic ſhed, fronting a coppice that clothes the hill to the right as we enter. We proceed from hence, thro' the higher part of the village, to *Dawliſh Strand.*

Ride thro' ASHTON, &c. *to* FULFORD-HOUSE.
Total 22 *miles.*

We now trace up the ſame vale, thro' which our laſt route paſſed, the road being conducted nearly on a level, for two or three miles, about a

* The white bricks of which the battlements and chimnies are compoſed, were invented and brought to perfection by James Templer, Eſq.

a gun-ſhot above the plane of the valley, on the declining ſide of a hill. Nearly on the firſt entrance to *Aſhcombe* pariſh, in a ſmall hamlet, is one of thoſe picturesque mills found in almoſt every dell of this county. From this we wind with the vale, whoſe breadth ſcarcely extends to a furlong, and frequently ſuffering by the ravages of the ſtream, to a bridge, which is thrown acroſs it, and climb a ſteep aſcent, by the church, to the heathy brow of HALDON, croſſing the barren heights of which, to the weſt, we ſoon view that magnificent edifice, *Haldon-Houſe*, the reſidence of Sir *Lawrence Palk*, Bart. M. P. for the county of DEVON, ſtanding in an extenſive lawn, which is decorated with ſome ſtately clumps of trees, and ſheltered behind by ſome flouriſhing and wide extending plantations, over which (on *Penbill*) riſes *Lawrence Tower*, a conſpicuous object from all the country to a vaſt diſtance, the elegant room of which preſents views as fine and grand as extenſive. From HALDON we dip into

into the dell and village of ASHTON, paſſing near a dilapidated manſion of the ancient family of the *Chudleighs*. We are now in a country where every new aſpect offers a ſcene adapted for the pencil; the luxuriant growth of the moſs-clad trees, that hang on the hills; the rocky maſſes; add to the charms of the flowing TEIGN, now before us, on the banks of which we journey, for two miles, to DUNSFORD, where the ſame picturesque ſcenery abounds;

> "The dripping rock and mountain's miſty top
> Swell on the ſight,"

while the fine foliage of the oak overhangs the foaming river. Above this we find *Clifford-bridge*, which is alſo rich in woods; the hamlet beyond, and the hills, riſing in charming ſucceſſion, exhibit a moſt attracting aſſemblage. Before we reach the bridge, we diverge to the right, and aſcending thro' a ſtoney lane, are brought to *Great Fulford-Houſe*. The houſe conſiſts of a quadrangle, having a huge gate-way, whereon is an eſcutcheon, bearing the

arms

arms of the family of the *Fulfords*. We are informed that it ſuffered much during the great rebellion, when it was garriſoned on behalf of Charles the firſt. It has ſome excellent apartments, in which are ſome good paintings, particularly a portrait of king Charles, by Vandyke, ſaid to have been taken after his Majeſty's condemnation, and given to *Sir Francis Fulford*, as a teſtimony of royal approbation. This manſion ſtands pleaſantly on a gently riſing ground, having ſome good avenues of beech round it, and a fine piece of water.

The romantic country thro' which we have already paſſed will not ſuffer by a retroſpection, the picturesque beauties being not at all inferior, when taken in this point of view, to that already ſeen. Having gained the aſcent of HALDON, (from whence there are ſome extenſive views) we travel a few miles on the *Teignmouth-road*, and ere we reach the ſouth-

ern extremity,* turning to the left, deſcend to DAWLISH.

Ride from DAWLISH *to* TEIGNMOUTH;—3 *miles.*

Paſſing before the houſe of Mr. *Churchill,* we climb a ſteep hill, and having croſſed a ſmall common, proceed thro' the little village of HOLCOMBE, at the next dell beyond which we enter a narrow lane to the left, and follow the courſe of a ſmall ſtream, (that falls into the ſea) which preſents us with a very pictureſque waterfall, to the beauty of which the glen, between the terminating cliffs; the diſparted fragments of the rock; and the ocean ſkirting behind, greatly contributes. At a ſmall diſtance to the eaſt of the above, the ſea has, by beating hard againſt the promontory, worn the cliffs

* Not far from this is a gate, opening into a narrow lane leading to Ludwel Chapel, the ruins of which ſtand in the lower angle of a field called Chapel Park, ſhrouded with alders.

cliffs into caverns, and ſeparated the looſer parts from the more ſolid rock. This is a diſtinguiſhing point, from the ſingularity of a wide opening, like the arch of a ruſtic bridge, and of a huge maſs of rock* that ſtands detached, as a pillar, amid the waves; from thence, if the tide permits, we ſhall find a pleaſant ride on the ſands, which are of firm conſiſtence; or, returning to the public road, aſcend the hill, from the apex of which we have a charming proſpect of the rivers EXE and TEIGN, with a long ſtretching coaſt, loſt at length in the blue horizon; and having paſſed two or three genteel houſes, ſeated on the ſide of a hill, and overlooking the town, deſcend to TEIGNMOUTH.

* Known by the name of the Parſon and Clerk.

TEIGNMOUTH

DERIVES its name from its ſituation at the *embouchure* of the river TEIGN, to the ſource of which I beg leave to conduct the reader. The TEIGN has its riſe on the foreſt of DARTMOOR, near GIDLEIGH;—it was ſo called by the Britons, according to the beſt etymologiſts, "in that its ſtream was pent up between impaſſable barriers." The country thro' which it runs is uncommonly wild and romantic, eſpecially in its infant ſtate, when it enters *Gidleigh Park*, which it divides in two parts. The right bank (tracing it towards the ſea) is covered by a venerable wood, interſperſed with huge rocky fragments; and the bold hill that riſes on the left, (in the poſſeſſion of a colony of rabbits,) frequently preſents hoary maſſes of granite, protruding

protruding thro' the excavated ſurface. This ſcenery continues, with little variation, to CHAGFORD, near which is a bridge of three arches over the ſtream, finely veſted with ivy, and accompanied by a moſt pictureſque view of the well-foliaged heights and winding vale. Not far from CHAGFORD lies *Whiddon park*, a deſolate manſion, of little conſequence, but ſituated on a ſpot that boaſts ſome of the moſt enchanting rude pictures the hand of nature ever finiſhed. The rich encruſtations of the rocks,—the variegated tint of the moſſes that beautify the venerable trees, and render them ſo valuable to the painter, luxuriantly abound in this neighbourhood. Nor ſhould we omit the fine ſcenery of RUSHFORD,

> "Where o'er the *rocks* the ſcarcely waving *oak*
> Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe."

at the foot of which the TEIGN foams with great violence, its channel often interrupted by large looſe ſtones. In the pariſh of DREWSTEIGNTON, (ſo named, it is conjectured, from

" being the town of the *Drnids* on the *Teign*." And truly, the wild, retired, and awfully impreſſive ſcenes here found, ſuch as theſe formidable prieſts always choſe for their ſuperſtitious rites, independant of the many *druidical remains* ſtill extant, favour the etymology,) oppoſite *Whiddon park*, is to be ſeen the *Logan-ſtone*. It lies in the ſubject of our preſent diſquiſition: and had, as appears by the teſtimony of the neighbourhood, an oſcillatory motion, ſome years ſince, but it is now immoveable.* Below this is *Fingal bridge*, the ſcenery round which is delicious; vaſt rocks of granite, adorned with the fine foliage of the oak, of the moſt fantaſtic forms, here and there overhung with ivy and mountain ſhrubs, with the rapid ſtream, conſpire to form a ſeries of ſtudies, worthy a painter at the head of his profeſſion. Not far from *Fingal bridge*, (on *Preſton farm*,) are the remains

* At no great diſtance from hence, on the left bank of the Teign, ſtands one of thoſe Britiſh monuments, the Cromlech.

remains of a camp, commonly attributed to the Danes. From thence the river divides the pariſhes of DUNSFORD and BRIDFORD, whoſe bold hills ſtill retain the ſame clothing. On the right bank, in the pariſh of CHRISTOW, is ſituate an old pile of building, now going to decay, belonging to *William Helyar*, Eſq.—*Canonteign*, ſo called from its having been attached to the priory of Black Canons, of *Merton, Surry*; ſome of the rooms ſtill retain their original form and dimenſions. It is, at this time, inhabited by a farmer; below it, is a huge maſs of moorſtone, named, from its contiguity, *Canonteign rock*, by which a waterfall daſhes furiouſly

——— "Beneath the precipice,
Amidſt encircling groves, from cliff to cliff."

and ruſhing down the dell, ſoon joins the TEIGN; the banks are now more cultivated tho' many a brown coppice ſtill crowns the neighbouring eminences, untill the ſtream is croſſed by *Chudleigh bridge*, above which ſtands *Stoke-*

lake, a houſe re-building on the ſcite of the old one. The landſcape from hence is moſt delightful, having *Chudleigh rock* full in view, and the charming meanders of the river, which, below *New-bridge*, is united with the waters of the *Weſt Teign*, or *Bovey river*, and thro' fertile meadows proceeds to TEIGNBRIDGE, over which the turnpike road from EXETER to NEWTON BUSHEL paſſes; and gradually widening its congregated ſtreams, receives the canal (a work of great utility to the neighbourhood) at "*the marſh*," ſomewhat more than half a mile diſtant from NEWTON BUSHEL, and is navigable for barges, and other ſmall craft, from thence to TEIGNMOUTH, and thro' a narrow gut, under the *Neſs*, diſcharges itſelf into the ſea. At its mouth it has diſgorged ſuch an immenſe body of ſand, (accumulating thro' a ſucceſſion of years) as to render it impaſſable, for veſſels of any deſcription, at low water.

TEIGNMOUTH,

TEIGNMOUTH, unlike many modern watering places, (the fortuitous growth of a few years,) may, from a variety of circumſtances, contend for the palm, with the moſt diſtinguiſhed of them; and has to boaſt not only ancient, but *eventful* hiſtory, in the chronicles of *other times*. It is divided into two pariſhes, EAST-TEIGNMOUTH and WEST-TEIGNMOUTH, ſeparated from each other by a ſmall brook called the *Tame*. *Cambden* dates the arrival of the Danes (who were ſent to diſcover the ſituation of BRITAIN) in the year 800; but *Riſdon* protracts it for nearly two centuries. On their landing here they defeated the natives, and killed the king's lieutenant, which theſe banditti conſidered as a moſt favourable preſage of future victory; and penetrating farther into the country, ravaged it to a conſiderable extent. Nor have the Danes been the only foes to TEIGNMOUTH;—it was plundered, and partly burnt, by the French, in later times;—it was then, however, a very poor place, compared

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with its appearance at the preſent day;—but, like the *Phœnix*, it aroſe with ſuperior beauty from its aſhes. The brief that was originally made and collected for the relief of the diſtreſſed people, and for re-building the part deſtroyed, is ſtill in being. One of the new-erected ſtreets was named *French-ſtreet*, as a memorial of the unfortunate circumſtance.

TEIGNMOUTH is diſtant about fourteen miles from EXETER; and is well ſheltered from the north and north-eaſt winds by riſing hills; *at*, or rather *near* the foot of which, being partly on a gentle declivity, it ſtands, having the pleaſant village of SHALDON in front, the before-mentioned river on the weſt, and the wide expanſe of ocean on the eaſt. The commerce of TEIGNMOUTH conſiſts chiefly of the exportation of *pipe*, or more properly *potter's* clay, to STAFFORDSHIRE, LIVERPOOL, &c. (which clay is brought moſtly from the vicinage of TEIGNBRIDGE, and from the lands of *James Templer*, Eſq.

Eſq. of *Stover Lodge*, at whoſe ſole expence the before-noticed canal was cut, and to whoſe patriotic exertions the country and trade are particularly indebted;) the importation of coals, and the *Newfoundland trade*,—in which latter SHALDON alſo participates. The veſſels employed in taking the commodities to their reſpective markets, are built here. TEIGNMOUTH has two inns,—the *Globe*, from whence a coach ſets off three times a week, paſſing thro' DAWLISH and STARCROSS to EXETER, and returns the ſame evening · and *Hubbard's Hotel*, both poſſeſſing good accommodations. From *Hubbard's billiard room* you have a delightful and extenſive view up the river, which, under a calm ſky, when the tide is in, appears like a magnificent lake; while the clay barges, whoſe forms are truly picturesque, and many a light ſkiff cruiſing to and fro, animate the water, and mark its receſſion. The country on each ſide of the river is well adapted to the ſcene; and at the back, *Ingſdon*, the beautiful

ſeat of Mrs. *Hale*; and *Highweek church*, gleam thro' the circumjacent trees; while the hill that terminates the proſpect is crowned by a romantic rock.

WEST-TEIGNMOUTH had formerly a charter for a market, held on a Sunday, which continued to the time of Henry the Third, when the Sheriff's poſſe forced them to diſcontinue the irreligious practice altogether. There is, however, a market for poultry, butcher's meat, butter, &c. every Saturday, with which it is tolerably well ſupplied; vegetables and fruit alſo, when in ſeaſon, may be procured in abundance. Salmon, ſalmon-peal, ſea-trout, whiting, mackerel, and ſeveral other ſpecies of fiſh are taken here; and, by an excellent local regulation, the inhabitants are allowed to ſupply themſelves before any is ſold to the dealers. There are ſeveral good houſes here;—*Teignmouth-houſe*, the reſidence of *J. Baring*, Eſq. late Member of Parliament for EXETER, claims

claims our firſt attention;—it commands fine and extenſive proſpects from its bow windows: and *Bitton*, the ſeat of *Mackworth Praed*, Eſq. enjoys nearly ſimilar views. Above the church ſtands Mrs. *Boſcawen's cottage*, which, from the ſingularity of its various decorations, has attracted general notice. *Weſt-Teignmouth church* is a cruciform building, near the centre of the town;—ſeen from the oppoſite ſide of the river, the tower, which is deſtitute of battlements, appears to be much higher than it really is. The roof of this church is ſupported in a peculiar manner by the ramifications of a wooden pillar that runs up in the middle.—The interior contains two good galleries, and ſeveral neat monuments;—altho' theſe tablets are in general made up either of pompous enumerations of the virtues of the deceaſed, or are expreſſed in ſuch language as moves riſibility rather than excites ſerious reflection; yet I muſt beg leave to introduce one, free from fulſome eulogy, and breathing an affectionate

fectionate regret for a deceaſed child. It is erected to the memory of *Mary Foote*, daughter of the *Rev. H. Foote*, of *Charlton-place, Kent*.—

"Endowed by Providence with an excellent underſtanding and affectionate heart, which were cheriſhed and improved by diligent cultivation. She had always given a moſt promiſing earneſt of mature virtues, when it pleaſed the Almighty, at an early period, to terminate her ſevere probation. Her patience and humble reſignation to the divine will, thro' a long and painful illneſs, endeared her to her afflicted friends; her fervent, yet rational piety, has left them nothing to lament but their own loſs."

Encloſed in frames, are extracts from the wills of Sir *J. Elwill* and Sir *J. Elwill*, his ſon, containing an account of their donations, to be applied to the laudable purpoſe of educating poor children of both pariſhes. This church is an appendage to the living of BISHOPSTEIGNTON.

EAST-TEIGNMOUTH is the grand reſort of gaiety and faſhion, and, as it is ſaid, was a borough that vied with EXETER for antiquity.

Here

Here you taſte the pure air, and enjoy an uninterrupted view of the ocean, and " its changeful ſcenery ever new." Here the beſt lodging-houſes are ſituate, and may be hired, furniſhed or unfurniſhed, at the option of the tenant; and here ſtand the *Public Rooms*, a neat brick building, affording an agreeable lounge; it contains tea, coffee, aſſembly and billiard rooms; and a ball is held here once every fortnight or three weeks, in the beginning of the ſeaſon, and more frequent as it advances.

A *theatre* has been lately erected on a ſpot of ground given for the purpoſe by *Lord Viſcount Courtenay*, and has been opened for the reception of the audience this ſummer.—The *bathing machines* are well contrived and attended, and the beach compoſed of a ſoft carpet of ſand, with here and there a layer of ſmall pebbles, ſlopes gradually into the ſea, which is generally very clear, free from weeds, and ſheltered from all but the eaſt wind. Near the

beach

beach is *Eaſt-Teignmouth church*;—this venerable pile will, of courſe, attract the ſtranger's notice; the ſtyle of its architecture carries its foundation back to the earlieſt periods of chriſtianity, and, with probability, it may be referred to the Saxons. The round tower, connected with the ſquare one,—the windows narrow, with ſemicircular arches,—and the corbels, (heads of men or animals, placed as ornamental ſupports to the parapet) are marks of a Saxon, or, at the loweſt, of a Norman origin. There is a ſtriking ſimilarity in the architecture of this church and that of *Biſhopſteignton*;—the towers are nearly alike, and many circumſtances conſpire to prove the period of the foundation of that fine old ſtructure to be nearly coeval with it. The inſide of the building however is dark and inconvenient. It appertains to *Dawliſh church* in like manner as *Weſt-Teignmouth* does to *Biſhopſteignton*. The miniſter is nominated by the joint concurrence of the two paſtors, and ſerves the pariſhes alternately.

WALKS

WALKS

"*The Walk,*" as it is ſtyled, leads from the *public rooms* towards the ſouth, over an extenſive flat called the *Den, (Dena terræ,* a low flat between hills) on which ſtands the fort, whoſe cannon, of whatever ſervice they may prove in defending the town, may, on gala days, join their roar with the general exploſions of tumultuous applauſe. The *Den* is compoſed of fine ſand, interſperſed with large patches of a ſort of graſs that aſſumes a ſimilar hue, and harmonizes finely with its brown particles. Here the inhabitants uſually *promenade,* and breathe the unadulterated air, for whoſe accommodation there are ſeats placed in agreeable ſituations; from hence you may enjoy a view of the ſea, with the tall cliffs and undulating curve of *Babicombe Bay,* ending in a point called *Hope's Noſe*; the coaſt to the north-eaſt, comprehending EXMOUTH and SIDMOUTH, to LYME; the fine proſpect up the river, whoſe ſweeping lines

are

are ſkirted by many little hamlets; and the ſhipping in the eſtuary; to which we may add, the aſſemblage of beauty and elegance a ſummer's evening generally draws to the ſpot.—Among the ſcenes worthy the attention of a minute obſerver, that of *ſean drawing* is not the leaſt amuſing;—it is performed by women, habited for the purpoſe, on whoſe countenances, as the centre of the net approaches the ſhore, expectation ſits triumphant; ſhould the draught prove ſucceſsful, the clamour is univerſal; but if, alas! they get "an empty haul," they drop the net, and the whole group ſilently ſteal off to their reſpective boats. Nor ſhould we paſs over the ſmall fleets of fiſhing barks that arrive here every morning;—the anxious crowd of buyers that wait their return;—nor the paſſage boats, with their freights, that continually ply to and fro, and agreeably diverſify the ſcene.

A very pleaſing walk leads to the weſtward of the town, by the fine grove near *Bitton*, on the

the turnpike road, and banks of the river; which may be varied by a return beneath the road, on the ſands, at the receſſion of the tide.

From *Eaſt-Teignmouth church* you will find another leading towards DAWLISH, under the beetling arenaceous cliffs, where

> " Muſing onward to the ſounding ſhore,
> The lone enthuſiaſt oft will take his way,
> And liſt, with pleaſing dread, to the deep roar
> Of the wide weltering waves."

On theſe cliffs, and indeed from every part of the hill that backs the town, there are many good views;—the ſea, and the coaſt terminating in the opening of TORBAY;—the pleaſing hills and vales of STOKE and COOMBE, with a frequent dip into the river;—a part of the town, with the *Den*, and tiers of ſhipping, ſome building, others repairing;—and the oppoſite village, are the moſt diſtinguiſhing features.

From TEIGNMOUTH *we ferry over to*

SHALDON,

WHICH lies near, and almoſt under, a promontory called the *Neſs*. It is in much eſtimation as a ſummer reſidence, and is viſited as ſuch by many genteel families. It contains ſome good lodging-houſes, recently erected,—in fact, the whole place, generally ſpeaking, conſiſts of modern buildings; but the inhabitants not being reſtricted to any regular plan of building, the houſes are now ſeen to an evident diſadvantage, from their ſcattered ſituations; ſometimes encroaching upon and interrupting the proſpect and convenience of each other. Notwithſtanding this, it is a charming village, and (public amuſements and promiſcuous ſociety excepted)

excepted) is, in many points, ſcarce inferior to its oppoſite neighbour. SHALDON is the property of the *Right Honourable Lord Clifford*, and lies partly in the pariſh of *Stoke-in-teign-head*, and partly in that of *St. Nicholas*, to whoſe ſweetly ſecluded and picturesque chapel there is a charming level walk of a ſhort mile; it is ſituate a little above the river, encircled by ſome venerable trees,

> " Who, as they ſhelter from th' annoying blaſt,
> Shut from the vacant gaze the rich repaſt,"

in the hamlet of RINGMORE, which conſiſts of a few neat cottages; ſhipbuilding, chiefly for the Newfoundland and coaſting trade, is carried on to ſome extent here.

Aſcending a ſteep hill from behind SHALDON, ſome agreeable walks may be found on *Stoke* (or rather *Ringmore) common*, commanding ample proſpects of the eaſtern coaſt, even to the chalky cliffs of the Iſle of PORTLAND. But the walk moſt frequented is on the beach, under

under the *Neſs*, which, as you approach the ſea, higher rears its precipitous head. The morning ſcene this beach preſents you with is ſublime;—the riſing orb, firſt breaking thro' the glowing horizon, an immenſe globe of fire, gaining in glory as it advances, at times throws ſuch an infinity of iris hues on the ſmoking ocean, that it almoſt dazzles your ſight; the luſtre is, however, well relieved by the dark ſhade of the jutting promontory, round which you may climb on the huge maſſes of red grit the ſcowling tempeſt and the tooth of time have gnawed from the rugged ſides of the parent rock, until you have loſt ſight of all traces of cultivation, and nothing but the ſwelling boſom of the ocean receives your excurſive eye.

The contiguity of TEIGNMOUTH and SHALDON, (being only ſeparated by the before-mentioned paſſage, which is ſeldom dangerous) renders the rides of one equally applicable to the other.

RIDES.

RIDES.

Various little excurſions may be made for an hour or two, on horſeback, on the healthy down of LITTLE HALDON, &c. which we ſhall paſs over, and haſten to thoſe more attractive, advertiſing the reader, however, that there are other roads to and from the objects we viſit, beſides thoſe which, for the convenience of ſeeing other ſcenes, we ſhall take. The grounds and pleaſant ſeats of *Mambead, Oxton, Powderham,* &c. may be ſeen in a day's ride, as well from TEIGNMOUTH as DAWLISH.

Ride to LINDRIDGE. UGBROOK PARK, *and* CHUDLEIGH;—*return by* KINGSTEIGNTON;—total about 16 *miles.*

On leaving TEIGNMOUTH we take the road to BISHOPSTEIGNTON, (i. e. the BISHOP'S TOWN, upon the river TEIGN) before whoſe antique church

church it paſſes; the ſimilarity of this ſtructure and that of *Eaſt-Teignmouth church*, has been already noticed; but this has to boaſt a moſt beautiful ornamented arch, in the Saxon form, thrown over the weſtern entrance to the church. *Old Walls*, as it is now called, claims our next notice;—it was an edifice erected by *Biſhop Grandiſon*, for the reception of old and unbeneficed clergymen. His endowments were never ill placed: they were not for the maintenance of the drone, but for thoſe whoſe day of labour had paſt, and whoſe means were inſufficient for the ſupport of old age and decrepitude, and who, moreover, from their ſacred function, were incapacitated from ſecular occupations, was this hoſpital raiſed; the eaſtern end of the chapel, and the walls to the ſouth, compriſe nearly the whole of what now remains of the original building; its antiquity, if there were no records to carry it back to the time of Edward the Third, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, might be traced in the corroded

roded ſtones, its windows, and overſpreading ivy. The ſouthern walls now form part of a large ſquare incloſure, containing a barn, &c. and in the inner area is a farmer's yard. It is a poſſeſſion of the *Rev. Mr. Comyns*, of *Wood*, who is alſo lord of the manor of *Biſhopſteignton*. From thence you proceed to *Lindridge*, a capital manſion, ſituate in a rich lawn, beautifully wooded. The buildings, now in part taken down, it is recorded, once covered nearly an acre of ground; a room, preſerved in the ſtyle it was originally fitted up, conveys a ſpecimen of the ſplendor of its ancient inhabitants. The proprietor, the *Rev. John Templer*, has a valuable collection of paintings, by *Vandervelt*, *Vanbloom*, and other eminent maſters, which decorate its walls. From *Lindridge* a ſheltered lane takes us to the turnpike road, at a ſmall diſtance from the gate of *Ugbrook*, the ſeat of the *Right Honourable Lord Clifford*, whoſe noble

* A moſt charming ride will be found through a delightful wood, leading from Lindridge towards Sandy-Gate.

park you enter by a ſtately avenue of luxuriant growth; this is one of the moſt charming ſpots DEVON has to boaſt;—whether we trace the ample walks, ſhadowed by the richeſt foliage; —whether we follow the wild ſweeping vales, adorned with beautiful hanging woods;—or accompany the "ſlow, winding, deep, majeſtic flood;"—or whether,

"Pleaſed, we turn and ſee the turrets riſe
In rough majeſtic grandeur to the ſkies;"

we muſt agree with the poet, who ſo ably deſcribes its beauties, that

——————"Collected here,
As in one point, all nature's charms appear."

Leaving theſe happy ſcenes, by aſcending a hill, (on which ſtands a direction poſt) you are preſented with a pleaſant proſpect of the town of CHUDLEIGH, the vicinity of which abounds with pictureſque views, and to which we ſoon deſcend. CHUDLEIGH is a ſmall town, diſtant nine miles from EXETER, and about ſeven from TEIGNMOUTH, and thro' it paſſes the road from EXETER to PLYMOUTH, which greatly contributes to enliven it; here are two inns, both very

very good,—the *King's Arms*, and the *Clifford's Arms*. Near this town the *Biſhops of Exeter*, (who procured a charter for a market, and two fairs for the place) had a magnificent palace, the remains of which are ſtill viſible. Proceeding on the *Aſhburton road* a ſhort half mile, you catch a view of *Chudleigh rock*, an immenſe maſs of marble that riſes towards the weſt, almoſt perpendicularly, with a bold majeſtic front, adorned by a rich veſt of ivy, and ſtained by a variety of moſſes, while out of the chaſms of the rock an infinity of pendulous plants

"Stream in the wanton wind."

About midway down the cliff, is a large cavern, whoſe dreary intricaſies may be purſued by thoſe who have an inclination, the expedition being attended with ſome danger. There is a ſuperſtitious tradition, that a ſort of fairies inhabit the gloomy receſſes; (I do not, however, rank them with the diſagreeables the explorer has to encounter) and to this day the labourers on the lime-kilns call it "the *pickſey*, or *piſkie-hole*." A

rugged foot-path will attract the admirer of the *picturesque*, toward a romantic water-fall, the music of which swells upon the ear, before the stream that produces the sound can be discovered by the eye, which

——" Lost within the lab'rinth of the wood,
Thro' tracks untried, now drives its roaring flood,
In loud confusion, o'er the broken steep,
Abruptly pours, and dashes down the deep,
From crag to crag the tumbling waters bound,
And foam, and fret, and whirl their eddies round,
The rugged bed of huge mishapen stones
Beneath the rude tumultuous torrent groans;
Whilst aged oaks, by wanton nature bred,
O'er the deep gloom their thick luxuriance spread."

Returning to the turnpike road, you pass *Lawel*, an excellent house, the property of *Lord Clifford*, whose valuable woods enrich all its neighbourhood. It is now converted into a boarding-school for young ladies;—the advantage of possessing so charming and salubrious a spot, for a seminary of this description, is, of course, felt by the present tenant. Instead of crossing the TEIGN, which soon meets the view, take the left hand road, by a mill, which brings you

at

at length to the turnpike-road from EXETER to NEWTON BUSHELL, and having paſſed *Sandy-gate*, a public-houſe on the road ſide, diverge again to the left, thro' the village of KINGSTEIGNTON, and follow the banks of the river to TEIGNMOUTH.

Excurſion from TEIGNMOUTH, *through* KINGSTEIGNTON *to* STOVER *and* BECKY-FALL, *returning through* HIGHWEEK and NEWTON.—*Total about* 28 *miles.*

We now re-trace our laſt road, on the banks of the TEIGN, which, ſpreading its ſmooth ſheet beneath, receives the eye;—oppoſite you ſee RINGMORE, and around it many a ſmoking cottage, ſcattered among the fertile meadows. *Coombe Cellars*, ſtanding in a moſt pictureſque ſituation, advances into the tide, and meets your eye, while above it the tower of *Coombe-in-teign-head church* gleams thro' the hedge-row elms;—below the road lie the farms of *Wear*,

enjoying a charming proſpect of the river. KINGSTEIGNTON, to which you now arrive, is a ſmall village, heretofore very much afflicted with agues; but the marſhes which contained the ſtagnant water, that occaſioned the diſeaſe, have now, for the moſt part, been drained, and the pernicious *miaſma* conſequently removed.

The church has a good effect, with its grove of tall elms, ſeen from many points;—it has in it a tomb, on which the following is inſcribed:

Richardus Adlam, hujus Eccleſiæ
Vicarius, obiit *Feb.* 10th, 1670.
Apoſtrophe ad mortem;
Damn'd tyrant! can't prophaner blood ſuffice,
Muſt prieſts that offer be the ſacrifice?
Go tell the *Genii* that in *Hades* lye,
Thy triumphs o'er this *ſacred Calvary*,
'Till ſome juſt *Nemeſis* avenge our cauſe,
And force this *kill-prieſt* to revere good laws!

It would, perhaps, be difficult to produce an inſcription parallel to this; and it certainly may be conſidered as better adapted to a heathen cenotaph, than to a chriſtian miniſter.

Contiguous

Contiguous to the church-yard are the ruins of what is ſuppoſed to have been a prebendal houſe, and by it a mill, both very pictureſque. About half a mile from KINGSTEIGNTON, you enter on *Teign-bridge*, the two arches of which, that are thrown over the river, are conjectured to have been built on fractured Roman buttreſſes. The Roman road from EXETER, over HALDON, thro' TOTNESS and BRENT, into CORNWALL, being traced to this ſpot, ſtrengthens the ſuppoſition;—on the right is a very neat houſe, not a little ornamented by a noble oak that grows on the oppoſite bank of the river;—ſomewhat farther, on the oppoſite ſide, are ſome buildings, erected by *James Templer*, Eſq. the proprietor of the adjacent canal, as receptacles for the cubes of clay that are cut in the neighbourhood; at the turnpike gate, one mile from NEWTON, we follow the right hand road, that takes us by the elegant church of TEIGNGRACE, whoſe blue ſpire ſhoots up, and is a fine object from many parts of the ſur-

rounding country. *Stover Lodge*, the ſeat of Mr. *Templer*, is an excellent houſe, built with granite, having a pleaſant garden, and a hot-houſe attached to it, and overlooking a fine piece of water;—croſſing BOVEYHEATHFIELD, on the left, lies a coal-work, which will draw the attention of the naturaliſt; it produces the *lignum foſſile* common in ſome parts of GERMANY; there has lately been a ſteam engine placed on it, to free it from the water that has for ſeveral years inundated the pit; by its ſide a building is juſt erected for the manufacture of earthen-ware, where, according to the pun of the country, "people burn their goods, and are never the worſe for it;" nearer the town is another pottery, which has been eſtabliſhed many years at INDIO. Some part of the entrenchments viſible on BOVEYHEATHFIELD, were thrown up and occupied by *Lord Wentworth*, who was defeated here by a detachment from the army of *Sir Thomas Fairfax*,

Fairfax, then blocking EXETER, and loſt 400 horſe, 100 foot, and 6 ſtandards, one of which was the King's;—quitting the town of BOVEY TRACEY, at its weſtern extremity, you proceed by a mill to ſkirt up a moſt romantic vale, and taking the left hand road on entering the barren downs, you aſcend to MANATON, a ſmall village, on a bleak but romantic ſituation; here nature works with rude materials;—huge unwieldy ſtones, and rugged hills, covered with the "many-fingered fern," are ſpread around, while ſcarce a tree, that merits the name, is ſeen in the fences, whoſe very bruſh-wood cringes and ſhrinks away before the prevailing wind. The ſcathed rock of *Haytor*, with a range of brown hills, that ſo frequently formed the diſtance to our coaſt views, lies before us; this deſert country reminds us of the poet's deſcription of SWISSERLAND:—

"No vernal bloom the torpid rocks diſplay,
But winter, ling'ring, chills the lap of May."

From MANATON a lane conducts thro' a continuation of the ſame barren country, and having croſſed the *Bec*, or rivulet, (a ſynonimous term,) a gate on the left opens into a wood, which contains the ultimate object of our journey. Should the rains have been favourable, and ſwelled the ſtream to its banks, (as in time of drought none of theſe mountain ſtreams are of conſequence) the fatigue of the ride will ſoon be forgotten. A cottage, which from its ſituation amid this romantic and wild ſcenery, is a moſt attractive object, offers a ſhed for your horſes, and one of the woodman's children may be taken as a guide, tho' the contiguity of the cataract precludes the neceſſity of ſuch a meaſure;—from the cottage you proceed beneath trees, clad with hoary moſſes, and by unwieldy fragments of moor-ſtone, to the fall, which drives its torrent with great violence over a heap of huge unconnected rocks, ſometimes parting and plunging into the interſtices of its wild bed; and at others, boiling up and precipitating

pitating its tumultuous ſtream from rock to rock, when having reached the foot, it "whirls its eddies round," and daſhing forward into the wood, is ſoon loſt in the ſombre maſſes of its ſhade. Near this is a moſt curious cavern; and not a great way diſtant is the before-mentioned *Haytor rock*;—indeed the whole vicinity claims the attention of every eye that delights to peruſe the ſportive and romantic page of nature.

As it will be difficult for the ſtranger to find his way from the vague directions of the peaſantry, it will be moſt adviſable for him to purſue his road to the church of *Ilſington*, and from thence to get into the *Aſhburton turnpike road*; midway between the fourth and fifth mile ſtones, a gate opens into a lane on the ſouth-eaſt, near which, a path-way branches off leading to a moſt remarkable oak, belonging to *Lord Clifford*; it lies about half a mile from the *Bovey* and *Newton road*, having eight large trunks

riſing from one ſtool, forming a moſt ſtately head, and is well worth the attention of the curious.—Before us

" The decent church that tops the neighb'ring hill"

of HIGHWEEK is ſeen, to which we ſoon aſcend. HIGHWEEK (as the termination of *week*, *vic*, or *vica*, a village, denotes) was originally a Roman ſtation; the veſtiges of an encampment are ſtill viſible in a garden belonging to a farm called *Caſtle-ditch*. This pariſh includes that part of NEWTON (which is our next ſtage) that has the adjunct of BUSHELL, or as it was more properly named BUSSELL, from a family of that name, who then reſided at BRADLEY.

At NEWTON there are two good inns, the *Sun* and the *Globe*; it having nothing remarkable to boaſt, we may return by our former road to TEIGNMOUTH; or by the way of SHALDON, which our next route will deſcribe.

Excurſion

Excurſion from SHALDON *to* NEWTON, BERRY-CASTLE, *and* TOTNESS, *returning thro'* IPPLEPEN, DENBURY, &c. *to* TEIGNMOUTH.—*Total about* 29 *miles.*

From SHALDON we take the road before deſcribed to RINGMORE, having the river on our right, the bank of which, (having paſſed two or three farm-houſes) above *Aſhbrook bridge*, preſents a charming proſpect. *Coombe Cellars*, ſtanding on a neck of land; the fine ſheet of water; the village of BISHOPSTEIGNTON; the two beautiful farms of *Wear*; and the hills near NEWTON and BOVEY, are the moſt diſtinguiſhing features;—the village of COOMBE, (an abbreviation of *Coombe-in-teign-head,*) about half a mile further on, has nothing remarkable in it, if we except the *vicarage-houſe*, a neat and ſingular building, the reſidence of the *Rev. B. W. Wrey*, ſcreened from the noiſe and buſtle of the road that paſſes beſide it;—beyond COOMBE a lane to the left takes us to *Haccombe*,

a

a manſion belonging to *Sir Thomas Carew*, Bart. This, we are informed, "is the ſmalleſt pariſh in ENGLAND, as to the number of dwellings, which are two only, the *manſion-houſe* and the *parſonage*." "*Haccombe* enjoys very extraordinary privileges. It is not included in any hundred: no officer, either civil or military, hath a right to take cognizance of any proceeding in this pariſh; and by a royal grant from the crown, it was exempted from all duties and taxes, in conſequence of ſome noble ſervices done by an anceſtor of the *Carews*."* Near the houſe ſtands a moſt pictureſque chapel, behind which a wooded hill riſes, and is no ſmall ornament to the lawn; this chapel contains ſome very curious monuments of the *Carew family*, and that of *L'Erchedecon's*, who married into it; on the ſouthern door are ſtill to be ſeen the remains of four horſe-ſhoes, ſaid to be taken off a horſe's feet that ſwam with one of the *Carew's* a conſiderable diſtance

* Prince.

diſtance into the ſea, and back again, whereby he won a wager of a manor of land. The chapel of *St. Nicholas*, at RINGMORE, is remarkably ſimilar in its form to this, and was built alſo by one of this ancient and diſtinguiſhed family. Aſcending a hill, we are brought to a common called MILBER DOWN, from the ſummit of which there is a moſt extenſive proſpect. The meanders of the TEIGN, from *Teign bridge* to the *Salmon-Wear*, are plainly diſcovered; above it we ſee *Stover-Lodge*, *Ingſdon*, and the range of hills behind; farther to the right is ſeen HALDON, with *Lawrence tower*; and oppoſite the village of KINGSTEIGNTON, whoſe church is, as it were, emboſomed in trees. At the foot of MILBER DOWN, is *Ford*, "a neat and fair houſe," built by *Sir Richard Reynell*, (third ſon of *Sir Richard Reynell*, of *Ogwell*,) an eminent lawyer, in the reign of King James the Firſt, it is ſuppoſed on the ſcite of an abbey, that gave the adjunct of

ABBOT

ABBOT to that part of NEWTON, ſituate in the pariſh of WOLBOROUGH.

In the year 1625, King Charles the Firſt took up his abode here, with his ſuite; and one day after dinner, in the dining-room, at *Ford*, conferred the honor of knighthood on *Richard Reynell*, of *Weſt Ogwell*, and *Thomas Reynell*, his brother, who at that time was ſewer to his Majeſty's perſon, " in preſence of their wives, and divers lords and ladies; ſaying unto them, God give you joy." King Charles the Firſt viſited *Ford* a ſecond time; and *William*, Prince of Orange, afterwards King William the Third, of auſpicious memory, ſlept here, after landing at BRIXHAM, in TORBAY. The daughter and heireſs of *Sir Richard Reynell*, married *Sir William Waller*, Knt. general of the parliamentary forces; from the active part *Sir William* took in the commotions of his day, it is preſumed, he did not often reſide at ſo great a diſtance from the metropolis. It ap-

pears,

pears, however, from his "*Recollections*," that he built and endowed a *work-houſe*, for the poor of NEWTON-ABBOT, and erected a *market-houſe* there, as a palliative for his having unjuſtly attempted to deprive the Yardes of BRADLEY of the benefits of the market. His daughter and heireſs, by her marriage with *Sir William Courtenay*, brought *Ford* to that noble family to whom it now appertains. The houſe ſtands in a lawn, retired from the road, and oppoſite it is a ſmall deer-park. Beyond *Ford* is the "WIDOWE'S-HOVSE," bearing this inſcription on its front,—

"Iſt ſtrange a Prophet's Widowe poore ſhovlde be,
Yf ſtrange then is the Scriptvre ſtrange to thee."

It was founded by *Lady Lucy*, (wife of *Sir Richard*) *Reynell*, for the reception of four* poor clergymen's widows, each of whom receive alſo an annuity of five pounds per annum, built on a charming ſpot, overlooking the

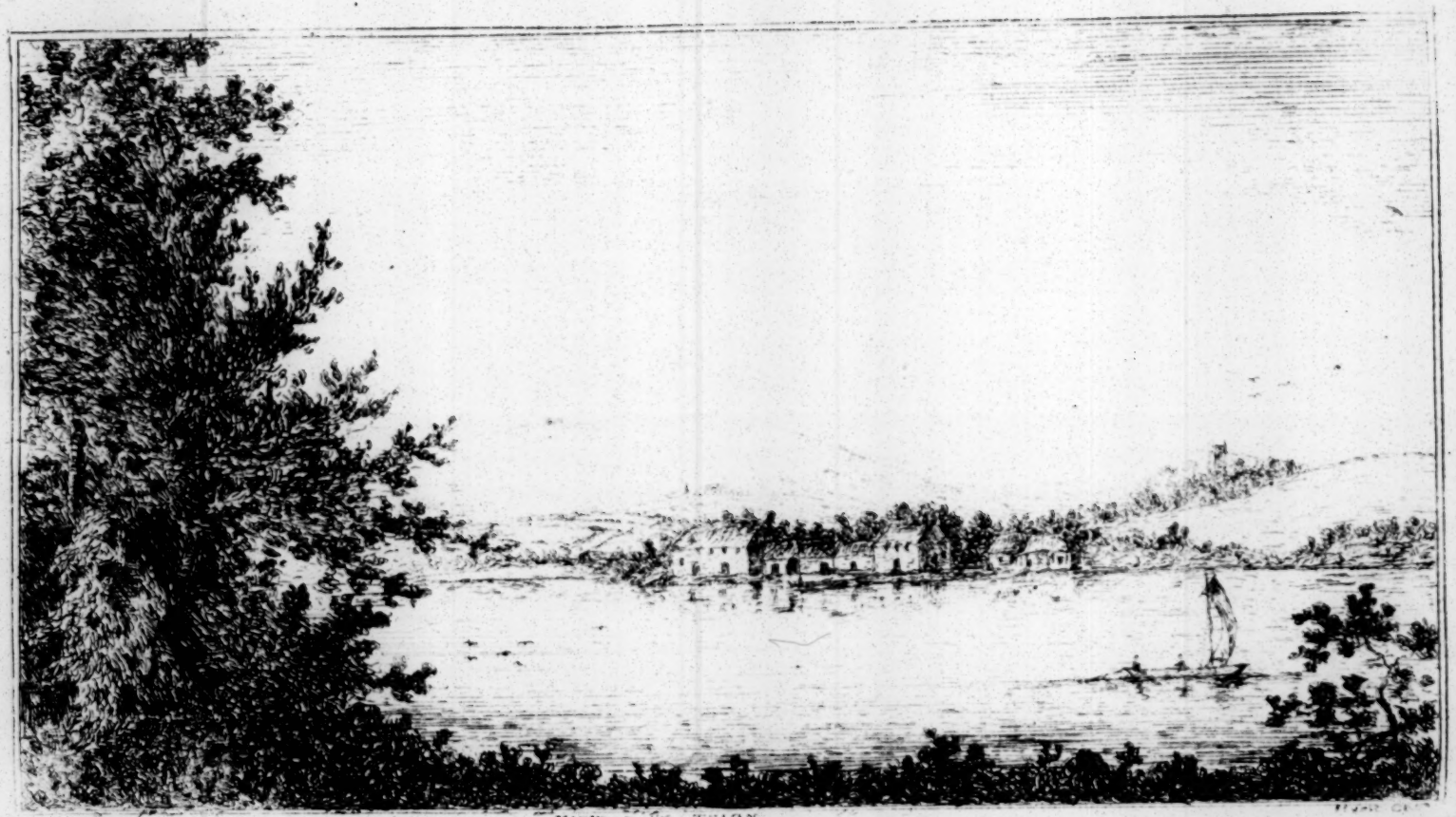
* The Feoffees have altered the original inſtitution, and have divided it among two only, each receiving 10l. per annum.

the TEIGN, and a fine ſweeping wood* that runs to the water's edge, with the *clay-cellars* of *Hackney* in front, and part of KINGSTEIGNTON village.

Paſſing through the town of NEWTON ABBOT, and following the *Totneſs road*, we view on the right *Bradley*, and ſoon after, on the left, *Wolborough church*, ſeated boldly on a hill. This church is what is termed a *donative*, being the individual property of *Lord Viſcount Courtenay*, under the inſpection of the grand metropolitan alone;—it exhibits a good ſpecimen of gothic architecture, of a light and airy conſtruction; the chancel contains a handſome monument of *Sir Richard Reynell*, of *Ford*, who, with his wife and children, are repreſented at full ſize in ſtone; much of the primitive chaſte ſimplicity of the tomb has been deſtroyed by profuſe gilding and colouring. By its ſide is the pew belonging to the clergymen's widows before ſpoken of, over which is

* From whence the oppoſite view was taken.

BRITISH
MUSEUM
1747



is a curious account of the neceſſary qualifications they are to poſſeſs, and the rules they are to obſerve to entitle them to the reſidence and annuity:—" *they ſhall be noe gadders, goſſuppers, tatlers, tale-bearers, nor given to reprocheful words, nor abuſers of anye. And noe man may be lodged in anye of y^e ſaid houſes; nor any beare, ale, or wyne, be ſould in anye of y^e ſaid houſes,* &c."

This edifice was once decorated with

" Storied windows richly dight."

The late worthy rector, the *Rev. W. Hugo*, carefully collected whatever could be found worthy of preſervation, and diſtributed it in a fanciful manner among the different windows, giving each ſome part.

Proceeding on the turnpike road to a direction poſt, nearly three miles from TOTNESS, a lane to the left leads to that noble ruin, *Berry-caſtle*, which we ſhall have occaſion to viſit, and ſpeak of hereafter, and for the preſent

continue

continue our ride to TOTNESS. The veſtiges of the Roman road are ſtill to be traced here; this town was once environed with a wall, and had four gates, tho' the ſouth-gate is the only one now in exiſtence. It was defended by a caſtle,* built, it is ſaid, by one of the *De la Zouch* family, on a mound raiſed for the purpoſe; the walls of it, mantled with ivy, are ſtill extant, and aſſume a venerable appearance. The people of this town were ſo remarkably loyal, that in the reign of George the Firſt, they preſented an addreſs to his Majeſty, wherein they begged his acceptance of four ſhillings in the pound land-tax, and alſo aſſured him, if the ſervice required it, they would freely add the other ſixteen;—but the chief boaſt of TOTNESS is the noble river DART, which runs at its foot; this river has its riſe on the foreſt of DARTMOOR, the ſource of moſt of the DEVONSHIRE *ſtreams*, at *Cranmere pool*, from a large moraſs

* Some aſcribe the building of this caſtle to *Judhael de Totnais*, who erected a caſtle, alſo, at Dartmouth.

moraſs of brown fibrous peat; about two miles from its ſpring, it divides, the moſt conſiderable of its branches running by *Two Bridges*, an inn on the moor, and *Prince Hall*, the property of *Sir Francis Buller Yarde Buller*, Bart. the confluence of the two ſtreams is named *Dart-meet*, where once ſtood a moſt romantic bridge, formed of huge fragments of rock, ſupported by others placed perpendicular, parts of which are now to be ſeen, and are here, (as higher up at *Poſt-bridge*,) well worth the attention of the curious traveller. The river paſſes from thence near *Spitchwick park*, *Lady Aſhburton's*; and *Holne Chace*, on which is beautifully ſituated a *Lodge* belonging to *Sir Bourchier Wrey*, Bart. the ſcenery round which, rocks, woods, &c. is pictureſque and romantic in an uncommon degree. The holly trees aſſume a peculiar character on this ſpot. Purſuing its way, it ſkirts the extenſive woods of *Buckland*, where Mr. *Baſtard*, Member of Parliament for the county, has a beautiful cottage, and to which, at a vaſt

expence,

expence, (hewn thro' the rocky ſtrata which thruſt themſelves into the DART) he is conducting a moſt charming road.—Daſhing its waters beneath *Holne bridge*, the ſtream meanders thro' fine hanging woods, until it approaches the venerable ruins of *Buckfaſt Abbey*, which claim the attention both of the antiquary and the painter. Thence paſſing underneath *Dart bridge*, over which the road from ASHBURTON to PLYMOUTH lies; it ſoon enters a fine range of verdant meadows, often beſprinkled with the foliage of ſome rich coppices, and every mile increaſing in conſequence; having paſſed *Staverton bridge*, where the ſcenery is highly pictureſque, it winds around the fine and elevated woods of *Dartington*, the ancient houſe of which ſtanding on a riſing ground near the church,

——————"O'er the level plain
Of ſpacious meads, with cattle ſprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye. ——————
Where far beyond, and overthwart the ſtream,
That, as with molten glaſs, inlays the vale,
The ſloping land recedes into the clouds."

this

This is a ſtately pile, with a quadrangle in the middle, of nearly an acre; it was evidently divided into diſtinct tenements of yore, and *tradition reports* the knights templar as its original inhabitants. It contains a ſingular hall, of large dimenſions; and alſo ſome capital paintings, brought by its proprietor, *Arthur Champernowne*, Eſq. from ITALY. The DART, below DARTINGTON, is, in many parts, extremely pictureſque; it winds from thence to TOTNESS, and is navigable from below the bridge to DARTMOUTH.

Retracing our former ſteps, about three miles on the *Newton road*, we now diverge to the left, thro' the village of IPPLEPEN, and proceeding thro' a quiet ſhady lane, reach that of DENBURY, (ſo called, we are informed, from being the burial-place of a hoſt of Daniſh invaders,) and paſs before the retired ſeat of *Thomas Taylor*, Eſq. Somewhat farther on you have a view of *Ogwell-houſe*, an elegant modern

dern building, the reſidence of *Colonel Taylor*, who poſſeſſes ſome curious relics of carved work, originally belonging to the *Reynell* family, and that of *Holbeam*, whoſe houſe once ſtood in the pariſh of OGWELL. The road winds from thence, at the foot of hills, barren with reſpect to herbage, but enriched with immenſe quarries of marble, ornamented with lime-kilns, and crowned with a ſpiry obeliſk. Croſſing the river LEMMON, at *Chericombe-bridge*, we enter a moſt delightful vale, and having advanced a few yards in the fine grove, a charming retroſpect between the trunks of the tall trees awaits;—the cottage by which we entered, the bridge we have juſt croſſed, an orchard behind, the back ground formed by a fine coppice of oak, and beyond it an eminence, on which riſes a ſquare tower, finiſhes the view. The road, with a pleaſing curvature, continues by the banks of the ſportive ſtream, thro' the grove. On the left hand "the waving wood," in full luxuriance, ſpreads

its

its rich foliage, and clothes the ſteep from the bottom of the dell to its apex;—on the other ſide the ſtream, the ſcene is quite changed, and the eye is ſurpriſed at the contraſt;—a rude hill riſes to an immenſe height, out of the barren ſides of which grey rocks iſſue, and nod tremendous over the murmuring ſtream. After contemplating the rugged ridges and romantic ſhape of the abrupt eminences, we may almoſt imagine an *Alpine* ſcene offered to our view, and fancy may complete the illuſion, by ſuggeſting the wild *Chamois*, bounding from crag to crag, in the place of the peaceful flock that browſe its ſcattered herbage; this grand landſcape continues for ſome diſtance; a lime-kiln, with its huge maſs of rock towering behind, only diverſifying the face of the wood, and even increaſing both its picturesque beauty and grandeur. The reader will, I hope, pardon the egotiſm of the following lines, and excuſe the author's partiality for ſcenery, amid which he ſometimes enjoys a happy hour.

Written in BRADLEY VALE.

HAIL ſhades belov'd! where pleas'd my infant feet
Have often ſtray'd your beauteous ſcenes among,
Ere yet your hills my artleſs notes did greet,
Ere yet I tun'd my rude unletter'd ſong.

ERE yet I knew *Misfortune's* ruthleſs train,
Ere pale-ey'd *Sorrow* pour'd her heart-felt tide,
Or felt the *iron family* of *Pain*,
Or bore the galling, ſcornful glance of *Pride*.

THE downy hours flew ſoftly o'er my head,
And as I wander'd ſportive, chearful, gay,
New pleaſures ſtill their balmy influence ſhed,
And ſtill ſucceeding, chas'd the old away.

AH! where are now the joys I once did ſhare,
Say, to what halcyon region are they flown!
Your ſpires, your woods, your vallies ſtill are here,
The fleeting joys I mourn, alas! are gone!

YET Memory kindly opes her blooming page,
And holds the faithful tablet to my view,
Her magic characters my ſoul engage,
Her devious ſteps my eager feet purſue.

'TWAS here,' ſhe points, 'beneath this aged oak,
Our young aſſociates paſs'd the jocund day;
Or drew the minnow from the babling brook;
Or join'd tumultuous in ſome buſy play.'

'UP

'Up yonder copſe, that riſes from the vale,
Joyous we toil'd the cluſt'ring nut to gain;
Or on a feaſt of berries to regale;
Or cull the noſegay from the flow'ry plain.'

Ah happy days!—what can the world ſupply,
To recompenſe the ſweet it ſteals away;
Not Fortune's favours equal bliſs can buy,
Nor can promotion happineſs repay.

Tho' now forlorn,—yet muſing in your glades,
I cheat ſome gloomy, melancholy care,
And ſlowly pacing thro' your ſilent ſhades,
Enjoy that ſacred calm that ſoothes deſpair.

Winding up a ſteep aſcent, by the ſecond lime-kiln, a ſhort diſtance out of the road, to the left, is *Broadridge plain*, which will amply repay a momentary deviation, the ſummit diſplaying

——————"the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberleſs;—ſquare tow'r,
Tall ſpire, from which the ſound of chearful bells
Juſt undulates upon the liſt'ning ear;
Groves, heaths, and ſmoking villages remote."

To which we add the gleaming river, which is

ſeen gliding with majeſtic pace to its eſtuary; the town of TEIGNMOUTH, with its ſhipping; and the broad expanſe of ocean flanking the whole. Without advancing from the ſpot that commands this proſpect, turn towards the *weſt*, and a complete rural ſcene meets your eye; the oppoſite hills, with their projecting rocks, and the gazebo on them; the rich incloſures on the right; the vale beneath; the wild meanders of the LEMMON, loſt at length by interpoſing eminences; and a ſmiling hamlet, encircled by orchards, are the principal objects.

Bradley, to which we now deſcend, is a well ſuited companion to the valley in which it ſtands, and is, perhaps, the moſt ancient ſeat, not at all modernized, in the county. The gate-way is the moſt ſtriking feature externally; the arch is ſemicircular, and over it is a Gothic window; this ſtile of architecture often occurs in ancient edifices, the heavy Saxon ſupporting the lighter Gothic. A chapel, long diſuſed, forms

forms a part of the internal building. The whole of the pile is kept in good repair by the poſſeſſor, *Thomas Lane*, Eſq. and perhaps a more pictureſque ſituation is rarely to be met with. Following the courſe of a mill-ſtream, we again enter the ſtreets of NEWTON BUSHELL, and return either to SHALDON; or, by croſſing TEIGNBRIDGE, proceed on the oppoſite bank to TEIGNMOUTH.

Ride from TEIGNMOUTH *to* TORQUAY

The next ride (of about ſix miles) will be to TORQUAY, the laſt ſubject of our preſent deſcription. Ferrying over to SHALDON, we climb the ſteep aſcent that leads to *Stoke common*, the higher part of which, for diverſity of proſpect, and a diſcrimination of beautiful objects, will be rivalled in few counties. Beyond the common, on the coaſt, lies MINICOMBE, or MINNOW-COMBE, where, opening

to a ſmall cove, are ſeated, in a moſt ſequeſtered manner, among a few fertile paſtures and orchards, half a dozen farm-houſes. Farther on, and oppoſite a direction-poſt, is the road to *Whatcombe rocks*; the firſt you paſs is a bold perpendicular cliff, channelled and wrinkled by time; round its rugged head the ſtragling ivy (its hoary locks) hangs pendulous, in many a lengthening line and implicated wreath; from hence the vale deſcends rapidly towards the ſea, where it ends abrupt. Here an immenſe cliff riſes, whoſe ſummit is fringed with bruſh-wood, and mid-way from the ocean appears darkling a vaſt cavern, overhung by beetling rocks; turning at the bottom of the dell, towards the right, you have another view of the horrid fiſſure, and in front, ſome detached rocks, of the moſt ſingular and groteſque forms; it ſeems to have been a ſpot where nature has ſuffered ſome vaſt concuſſion, which defaced the ſmooth ſurface of the vale, and ſhattered its rocks into huge fragments.

Not

Not a tree is to be ſeen in this ſolitary place, its contiguity to the ſea, and bleak expoſure to every ſtorm, has checked all vegetation; the ivy is the only plant that appears to thrive, and the wild genius of the place has traced its branchy cluſters with inimitable taſte, and blended its deep verdure, with the grey tint of the rocks, with a highly pleaſing effect. Rejoining the road, we proceed to the hamlet of *Mary church*, the tower of which is a moſt conſpicuous object for many miles round;* the road is frequently ſprinkled with cottages, on the fronts of ſome of which myrtles ſpread in great luxuriance; and a few neat new-built houſes, which gives a chearful aſpect to the country. The village of TOR, or more properly TOR-MOHUN, ſtands on an eminence, and overlooks part of the bay. The church is ſituate under a ridge of rocky hills, in a pleaſing

 ſecluſion,

* Near this is *Shiphay*, the ſeat of the *Rev. Thomas Kitſon*, one of the magiſtrates of the county, ſeated low, and tho' too much ſheltered for modern taſte, yet correſponded with that of our anceſtors.

ſecluſion, ſurrounded by fences of fine elms; the hills round TOR are of a remarkable ſhape, thro' the verdant turf of which many fanciful crags project, from the ſummit to the foot, and the vales are richly covered with foliage. The deſcent to TORQUAY particularly boaſts this ſcenery; on the left are ſeen ſome rugged conoidal hills, almoſt barren; and on the oppoſite ſide the rich groves of *Tor abbey* receive the eye. By the turnpike-gate riſes a grand quarry of lime-rock, with the kiln below; and on the right is a regular row of neat cots, with each a ſmall garden, waſhed by a brook of water in front; and ſomewhat further on the other ſide, are ſeveral modern-built lodging-houſes, nearly as pleaſant as thoſe on the beach, fronting a wooded hill, being free from that diſagreeable flat the receſſion of the tide leaves; tho' undoubtedly the latter have great advantages at other times, from the variety of objects continually floating in their view, as well as ſome tranſient beauties that may not luckily

be

be caught by an accidental walk. The moſt pleaſant ſituation is, however, occupied by five or ſix lodging-houſes, defended from the ſurge by a parapet wall, which, interpoſing, precludes the view of the naked beach, and admits a proſpect of the fleet, when at anchorage in *Brixham road.* The inns are the *Crown and Anchor,* and the *London Inn,* they are but tolerable.

TORQUAY

WAS once the property of *William Lord Brewer*, the founder of *Tor abbey*; and afterwards purchaſed by *John Ridgeway*, who reſided here; it now appertains to *Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart.* Member of Parliament for the county of Devon, and *George Cary*, Eſq. It is a pleaſant village, in a ſmall retiring cove of TORBAY, which takes its name from the circumjacent hills and rocky eminences or tors, and was the grand rendezvous of our immenſe fleets, during the late war. The whole curve of the bay is computed at twelve miles; from the extreme point of which (called *Hope's Noſe*) TORQUAY is about two miles diſtant, ſheltered from the violence of the waves by a protruding ridge of rocks.

The

The air of this place is in general very ſharp, and does not agree, conſequently, with every conſtitution; but in point of romantic beauty and pictureſque ſcenery, TORQUAY, and its environs, are rarely to be ſurpaſſed; and to a lover of ſimple nature, (who can diſpenſe with crowded aſſemblies, gaming-tables, and a train of luxurious refinements,) will afford a moſt agreeable *ſejour*, during the ſummer months. The invalid, alſo, may reſt aſſured of finding the lodgings and accommodations good, (for a place yet in an infant ſtate) the people are remarkably civil, and not addicted to impoſitions. The bathing-place is at a little diſtance from the village, on a ſoft, ſecluded, and ſheltered beach, but it furniſhes only one machine at preſent. TORQUAY, before the war, as well as other ſea-ports on this coaſt, was concerned in the Newfoundland trade, which is again reviving with the return of peace.

WALKS.

One of the many romantic *promenades* of the neighbourhood, will be found north-eaſt of the quay, following a foot-path acroſs a field, and into a common, plentifully ſprinkled with ſhrubs and furzes, the combination of whoſe tints produce an agreeable effect; beneath ſtretches the fine bay, to which the various ſhipping, and airy ſkiffs, give a charming animation; and ſeveral abrupt chaſms, diſcovering a ſmall beach below, occaſionally vary the ſcene. The appearance of *Tor abbey* from hence, is very fine, as well as the whole ſweep of the coaſt, terminating in *Berry head*, beyond which the ocean ſpreads its cerulean waves. On theſe hills, in the ſeaſon for mackerel and herrings, many a ſolitary group of fiſhermen may be ſeen, intently eyeing the ſhoals of fiſh that approach the ſhore. To diverſify the walk on your return, a green-ſward foot-path will take you to a ſequeſtered lane, from whence,

whence, a few fields diſtant, the ancient manor-houſe of *Torwood* preſents itſelf; and the vale opening towards the ſouth, diſcloſes a part of TORQUAY, in a different (tho' equally as pleaſing a) character, from what is cuſtomarily ſeen. The water, by the intervention of a wooded knoll, is entirely excluded; *Waldon* riſes behind, crowned with firs; and the old feature of *Haytor rock* bounds the horizon.

Walk to TOR ABBEY.

Aſcending a flight of ſteps, behind a row of lodging-houſes, you are led to a very ſteep, rugged foot-path, made a little more than half way up the hill of *Waldon*, whoſe foot is covered with many huge maſſes of detached rocks, and whoſe precipitous ſides are decorated with an abundance of pendulous plants and variegated ſhrubs; the view it affords of the quay oppoſite,

oppoſite, the remarkable hills beyond, and the opening of the bay, is truly beautiful.

Emerging from this craggy road, the ſmoothneſs of the enamelled meadow is

> " Like velvet neat,
> Soft to the eye and to the feet."

Near the receding angle of the wall that divides *Waldon*, above the foot-path, is an (apparently accidental) aperture, over which a large ſtalk of ivy has wreathed a fantaſtic arch, thro' which is ſeen a pretty grotto, covered with moſſes of various tints; this wall bounds a charming inland proſpect, compoſed of the village of Tor, and its ſmiling paſtures, and that curious building *Tor chapel*, perched upon the ſummit of a ridge of rocks; it was once an appendage to the *abbey* before us, and as it has never been deſecrated, nor even applied to the uſes of the reformed church, it is ſometimes viſited by the Roman Catholic crews of ſhips lying in the bay. Croſſing a lane, we now enter the lawn,

lawn, and view the manſion, ſurrounded by tall avenues of luxuriant growth; it is a large building, conſiſting of a centre and two wings, fronting the moſt charming part of the majeſtic bay; TORQUAY no where forms a prettier picture than from hence, nor do the ſurrounding rocky torrs appear to greater advantage. *Berry head*, and the roadſted for the grand fleet, are in full proſpect, with the circuitous ſweep of the ſhore; adjoining the weſtern wing is a fine caſtellated gate-way, (coeval with the ancient abby, that occupied the ſcite of the preſent houſe;) fortified with octagonal towers and battlements, under the ſemicircular arch of which is now to be ſeen the ſculptured arms of ſome one of the abbots; beyond this gate-way is the original barn, belonging to the ancient monaſtery; it is altogether of a Gothic caſt, overſpread with a venerable mantle of ivy, and decorated with loop-holes and numerous buttreſſes. The Roman Catholic chapel attached to the houſe, is ornamented with a ſuperb altar

and

and paraphernalia, on each ſide of which are paintings; one repreſents the crucified Saviour; the other the bleſſed Virgin. The end of this chapel, projecting into the garden, is completely veſted with ivy; there are alſo ſeveral ruins, clad in the ſame elegant drapery, among which we diſcover a large Norman arch, with a ſmall one on either ſide, richly adorned with ſculpture.

William Lord Bruer, we before noticed, founded this abby, in the reign of King John, beſtowing upon it conſiderable revenues; his ſon greatly added to theſe donations, and, among other lands, gave *Ileſham*, in this pariſh. *William Lord Bruer*, the ſecond ſon of the founder, dying without iſſue, his poſſeſſions were divided among his five ſiſters; and *Alicia*, the youngeſt, bringing to her huſband, *Reginald de Mohun*, TOR; it from that time loſt the appellation of *Bruer*, and acquired that of *Mohun*, which it retains to this day. At a

ſmall

ſmall diſtance to the ſouth-eaſt, is a ſort of rocky iſland, approachable at low water, ſeperated from a projecting cliff by the ſea, corroded by the ſaline ſpray in the upper parts, and undermined and excavated by the ſurge below; the looſe ſandy ſtratum has formed itſelf into rude natural arches, from which you have ſeveral charming views; as the rocky pillars divide the landſcape, *Tor abby*, and its wooded vale, appear to much advantage; but the opening towards TORQUAY is, perhaps, more beautiful ſtill. A few yards farther on produces another curioſity, of ſomewhat the ſame nature,—here, to an immenſe cavern, there are three entrances, two lateral, and another in front, the roof may be near 30 feet high, and the length 150 feet; on the ſmooth perpendicular face of the back of this cave, there is another opening, leſſening in ſize as it recedes from the view, exhibiting, from the firſt principal entrance, a fine perſpective; under theſe cliffs are a number of

pools,

pools, conſtantly full of ſea water, that contain various ſorts of polypi, and other marine animals; ſome of the former are of a conſiderable ſize and ſtriking beauty, exhibiting the vivid colours of the fineſt anemone.

Ride from TORQUAY *to* NEWTON BUSHEL.—*Total* 15 *miles.*

Taking the road oppoſite the quay, we are brought, amid undulating hills, to *Torwood*, a fine old building belonging to *Sir Lawrence Palk*, and ſtanding in a very pleaſing ſituation; about half a mile beyond this, a gate, facing the road, opens into a ſpacious field, the lower part of which, (a coppice) contains that celebrated cavern, *Kent's hole*, the aperture of which is not of any great magnitude, and is almoſt ſhrouded in buſhes. As I was, a few months ſince, procuring a guide, to explore the

the gloomy receſs, (I mention the fact as a caution to the unwary) a young naval officer, attended by a labourer, with a lantern, tinder-box, &c. overtook me, who, accoſting me, obſerved, if I would accompany him, "*he hoped to ſhew me a reſurrection*;" at my entreaty he explained himſelf, by ſaying that five of his brother officers, belonging to a ſhip in the bay, had that morning entered the cave, without the precaution of taking a guide, and had carried with them a quantity of portfires, the voluminous ſmoke of which had extinguiſhed the only candle they had; and when their momentary glare was exhauſted, they were left almoſt ſuffocated with ſmoke, in total darkneſs; having exhauſted their ſtrength and patience in fruitleſs efforts to find the way out of its dreary intricaſies, they gave themſelves up to deſpair; when he, having parted from the reſt, guided by his good genius, at length emerged into the cheering light of day. Having augmented our guides, we entered the chaſm, with

each

each a candle, and cautiouſly proceeded, as it was remarkably rough, and would ſcarcely allow ſufficient height to ſtand erect; after a ſhort deſcent, it opens into a ſort of hall, more ſpacious and lofty; the blaze of our lights diſſipating enough of the gloom to expoſe the ponderous jaws of many a horrid orifice on either ſide; our path now became ſomewhat ſmoother, and permitted us to examine the many whimſical petrefactions and incruſtations nature had ſecreted in theſe Cimmerian ſhades, on the approach of the light to the roof, innumerable gems ſparkled as it paſſed, with beautiful radiance. After ſome time, the unfortunate objects of our ſearch anſwered our repeated ſhouts, and, directed by the ſound, we found the diſconſolates, ſeated round the margin of a limpid pool, (whoſe waters forbad a farther diſcloſure of its ſecret receſſes) almoſt exhauſted with fatigue, but the happy proſpect of a releaſe, from what they had almoſt concluded would have been their grave, gave them

new

new animation, and I ſoon had the pleaſure of congratulating them on their return to the world, from which they had been more than ſix hours ſecluded.

Beyond this is *Ileſham*, an ancient houſe, formerly belonging to the abbey of *Tor*; in the yard of which ſtands an uncommonly fine elm; one of the buildings, much dilapidated, from the appearance of a bell, that was evidently raiſed above its roof, ſeems to have been a chapel. From hence we climb a rugged road to BABICOMBE, and looking down, perceive ſome cottages clung, as it were, to every ledge that afforded level ſpace enough to ſtand on, riſing tier above tier; the ſcenery of this little hamlet is uncommonly romantic,—rocks of an uncouth ſhape and huge dimenſions, being interſperſed with the cottages, and ſometimes frowning over the roof, or ſupporting the foundation; below, the chain of cliffs is interrupted by a ſmall pebbled beach; and oppoſite is the

fine

fine quarry, known by the name of *Petit Toe*, producing a beautiful coloured marble. Paſſing thro' the village of MARY CHURCH, a left hand lane takes us to BARTON CROSS, and in a ſhort time to MILBER DOWN, where the road divides nearly in two equal parts: an encampment, probably firſt thrown up by the Romans, and afterwards occupied by the Danes, who changed the original ſquare, which the Romans uſually choſe, into their own faſhion, that of an oval; what ſtrengthens this conjecture, is a ſmall one higher up, that ſtill retains its paralellogramic form, which the Danes, poſſibly, never had occaſion to uſe. The proſpect it commands

"Of hills and dales, and woods and lawns, and ſpires;
And glittering towns, and gilded ſtreams,"

ſhould not be paſſed over in ſilence. Proceeding by *Ford*, and the *Widow's Honſes*, we enter the town of NEWTON BUSHELL, from whence we may explore the beauties of *Bradley Vale*; and to vary the route, return thro' the village

village of KINGSKERSWELL, by a very pleaſant road, to TOR, and from thence, by the church, to TORQUAY.

Excurſion to COMPTON-CASTLE, BERRY-CASTLE, *and* TOTNESS, *from whence, down the river* DART, *to* DARTMOUTH, *and return thro'* PAIGNTON, &c.

Leaving TORQUAY, we paſs thro' the lower part of the village of TOR, and by the gate and fine avenues of *Torabbey*, and having reached the firſt hamlet beyond, a right hand lane takes us to COCKINGTON, by the pariſh church of which is a fine ſtone-built manſion, the reſidence of the *Rev. R. Mallock*, erected on the ſpot where once ſtood a houſe belonging to an ancient branch of the *Cary* family; and from thence to *Five-lanes turnpike-gate*, where we deviate from this road, and deſcend to the village

village of COMPTON, at the higher extremity of which ſtands *Compton-caſtle*. We find *Compton-caſtle* was, at an early period, given by the *Lady Alice de Pola*, unto *Peter*, who took the name of *Compton*, from the place; and continuing in that family ſeveral deſcents, came to the *Gilbards*, or *Gilberts*. It is now the property of *James Templer*, Eſq. and contends with *Haye's farm*, near EXMOUTH, for the honor of being the birth-place of *Sir Walter Raleigh*; the ſketch given of it excludes the modern alterations, barns, ſtables, &c. which, tho' excellent of their kind, greatly derogate from its picturesque appearance and grandeur. The front, towards the north, with its tower, gateway, (once furniſhed with a portcullis) and machicolations, has a ſtately air, to which the Gothic window of the chapel, and the remaining battlements, greatly contribute. The back part of the ruins are very picturesque;—the venerable ivy, twining round and ſupporting the dilapidated walls of the once proud apartments,

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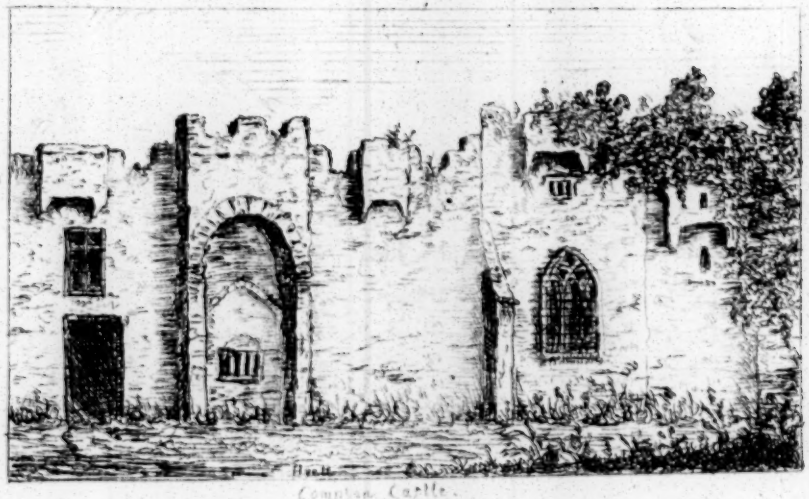

Compton Castle.

ments, gives an awful gloom to the ſpot, which even the view of the part inhabited does not diſſipate;—to our ſurprize, we here diſcover the remains of a geometrical ſtair-caſe, which evidently denotes this curious contrivance to be known by our anceſtors. We return from thence thro' the village of MARLDON, the church of which contains a ſtone inſcribed to the memory of the before-noticed *Peter de Compton*, and rejoin the turnpike-road, from which, about two miles diſtant, a lane branching off to the right, conducts us to a ſmall hamlet, that very opportunely offers a ſhelter for the horſes, and following the foot-path, we wind through a venerable wood, that ſcreens the ſolemn ruins of *Berry caſtle*,

> " Which on a dark hill, ſteep and high,
> Holds and charms the wand'ring eye."

The gate-way and its tower, of which a ſketch is given, are nearly the whole of the remains of the baronial caſtle of the *De Pomeroi's*, who came to ENGLAND with the Conqueror, and

who, for their good ſervices, had no leſs than fifty-eight lordſhips beſtowed on them. Here, at *Berry*, did *Radulph de Pomeroi* ſeat himſelf, building this caſtle, which, from its advantageous ſituation, muſt have been impregnable in thoſe days; it occupies the whole of a projecting eminence, that terminates towards the north abrupt, at a great height above the glen. Towards the eaſt and weſt, the fall of the ground is ſo rapid, that it is all but perpendicular; the only part thereof that was acceſſible was on the ſouth, and this was defended by a ſtrong gate-way, which was poſſeſſed of a double portcullis; within the wall was a large quadrangle; but the original ſtructure, on every aſpect, (excepting the ſouthern) has been ſupplanted by other buildings, and even theſe are haſtening to decay. The caſtle, and its precincts, were ſold, about the year 1550, by *Sir Thomas Pomeroi*, to *Edward Seymour*, Duke of *Somerſet*, whoſe deſcendant, *Sir Edward Seymour*, inheriting the caſtle, and his father's

CALCUTTA

father's predilection for the romantic ſpot, began a moſt magnificent edifice, within the walls, which was never completed, notwithſtanding the immenſe ſums, tradition reports, were expended on it. *Berry caſtle* may be conſidered as a ſcene of unrivalled beauty. The antiquary and the painter muſt here unite in admiration, and the latter might multiply his ſketches *ad infinitum*, for, in every aſpect, whereſoever he places himſelf, he will meet with ſome peculiar diſcriminated beauty;—the ruinous walls, and the noble trees that riſe in ſucceſſive majeſty up the ſteep aſcent, aſſume a new appearance at every turn of the road, and the diverſity never permits the attention to flag, or the admiration to ceaſe. The ſcreen, on the right, as you go down the dell, conſiſts of hills, nearly as high as thoſe on the oppoſite ſide, and they are either clothed with fine hanging woods, or ſcarred with rough rocks of grey-tinted marble.

A pleaſant road, of about two miles and a half, brings us to TOTNESS, where, croſſing a long narrow bridge over the DART, the traveller will find a very comfortable hotel, called the *Seven Stars*.

From TOTNESS, a moſt pleaſant water ſcheme offers, for ten miles, down the DART;—on every turn of this majeſtic river, a charming ſcene preſents itſelf to the eye;—at ſome places taking the appearance of a baſon of water; at others, of a long extended lake; the banks frequently clad with the richeſt veſt of foliage, from the edge of the ſtream to the towering ſummit; and decorated with ſome of the moſt beautiful villas claſſic taſte has erected, until we arrive at the rocky ſhores of DARTMOUTH. This laſt town is ſeated on the ſloping ſide of a hill, with ſome very romantic eminences oppoſite; it contains a few good modern houſes, and a number of ancient ones; its ſtreets are incommodiouſly narrow, the lower tier of houſes

houſes having communication with thoſe above them by flights of ſteps. In the town are the venerable walls of an old caſtle, riſing immediately above the water; and at the entrance from the ſea, it is defended by another caſtle, on the walls of which a few cannon are mounted. This fort has a very pictureſque appearance, together with its neighbour, *St. Petrock's church*, from the lower part of the town, and indeed any part of the harbour. Somewhat above, on the cliff's edge, are the remains of a caſtleated edifice, ivy clad, and much dilapidated, probably built by *Judhael*. The cliffs and this caſtle form a moſt romantic picture from the ſea. We find the amazonian proweſs of the females of DARTMOUTH upon honorable record, for having beaten back ſome French troops, (who, egged on by the hope of plunder, inveſted the place,) and making the General, and part of the army their priſoners. Ferrying over to KINGSWEAR, we remount our horſes, and at the ſummit of a hill, nearly two

miles from DARTMOUTH, find a road leading to *Nethway*, a very neat houſe, belonging to *J. Fowndes Luttrel*, Eſq. the proprietor of that beautiful ſeat in the north-weſt of SOMERSET, *Dunſter caſtle*. At the turnpike-gate we branch off to the right, and with many a pretty catch of the ſea before us, enter the upper (or *church*) town of BRIXHAM, near the higher extremity of which, a lane to the left conducts us to that curious reciprocating ſpring, called *Lay-well*; the period of its ebbing and flowing is irregularly varied, having been known to riſe and fall from once to nine times in the ſpace of an hour. *Brixham Quay*, famous for the landing of William the Third, about one mile beyond, is the moſt populous place, and has a good hotel,—the *London Inn*;—from the circumſtance of having been ſo frequently viſited by the grand fleet, it has thrived much during the late war. Thoſe who are fond of military improvements, will be gratified by a viſit to BERRY-HEAD, on which ſtand ſome excellent barracks, forts, batteries, &c.

&c. erected of late years, for the defence of the *Bay*, which before was wholly at the mercy of the enemy.

Returning to the town of BRIXHAM, we quit the turnpike road for that of *Lupton*, enter a gate near a lime-kiln, which is decorated by a beautiful old aſh tree, and winding thro' ſome cultivated fields, to the angle of the garden wall, we gain the firſt view of the fine clumps and plantations that crown the riſing hills, which appear to interſect each other at agreeable points, and by a handſome gate, enter a luxuriant ſhrubbery, that judiciouſly ſcreens the out-buildings. *Lupton-houſe* is a ſtructure of conſiderable elegance, the ſouthern front being peculiarly handſome, and ſtands in an excellent ſituation, environed by pleaſing eminences, hung with flouriſhing woods, (which *Sir Francis Buller*, Bart. the proprietor, is increaſing) and well watered vales. We rejoin the turnpike, at a ſhort diſtance from the neat

village

village of CHURSTON, and paſſing the ſix-mile ſtone, (from DARTMOUTH,) take the right hand road for PAIGNTON, at the entrance of which, a modern built houſe ſtands prettily, above the road. Near *Paignton church*, which is itſelf a very handſome edifice, are the remains of an *epiſcopal palace*, formerly belonging to the *Dioceſe of Exeter*, but alienated by *Biſhop Voyſey*; the gate-way is yet ſtanding, and the whole ruins bear evident marks of grandeur, particularly a part exuberantly veſted with ivy, to the ſouth-weſt of the church, where the dimenſions of a magnificent apartment may be traced; the part in the higheſt preſervation is uſed as a barn, and thatched; the whole area was encloſed by a wall, battlemented, and adorned with loop holes, at the eaſtern angle of which, a tower, built, probably, as well for the charming proſpect it commands of the noble bay, as for defence, ſtill

" Smiles at the tempeſt, and time's ſweeping ſway."

The road from thence, thro' luxuriant vales, permits

permits many a pleaſing glimpſe of the ſwelling tide, intermixed with rural ſcenery; and we ſoon retrace our former ſteps to TORQUAY, where, having explored

> " ——— The varied view
> Of rocks, amid the ſun-ſhine, tow'ring dark,
> Of rivers winding wild; and mountains hoar;
> And caſtle gleaming on the diſtant ſteep,"

we leave the wearied traveller to his repoſe.

FINIS.

TREWMANS, PRINTERS, EXETER.

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